A DOMESTIC DIFFERENCE.

The general impression among Jim Percival's friends was that he might have done a good deal better for himself than he did in his matrimonial venture.

An M. P., with a safe seat and decided abilities, young, good-looking, well connected, but having only a limited income, he was just the man who should have married money, and this is exactly what he had not done. He met his wife in Paris during a holiday trip. She was a pretty, vivatractive, but she had no fortune, and was of 'no particular family. The M. P.'s friends shook their heads over the match, and all felt convinced that before long he would find out what a mistake be had made.

There could be no doubt that under the circumstances his marriage was an imprudent one. With his eight hun-dred pounds a year Percival had subsisted comfortably enough as a bachelor, but as a married M. P. he found that his income went simply no way at all. To cut himself off from soclety and to live with his wife in economical seclusion was, of course, out of the question. It would have made him unpopular with his constituents, as well as with certain influential friends in town, to whose good offices he looked for securing some post in the government when his party came back to power. And as he had no profession. but had launched himself for good or ill upon a parliamentary career, it would have been madness in him to prejudice his chances of political preferment.

The natural consequence followed. Percival got into debt. He consoled himself first of all for outrunning the constable by the consideration that his party must soon return to power, and then he should be able to recoup his present expenditure. But the radicals remained "in" session after session; the looked-for general election came no nearer, and Percival began to feel very lugubrious indeed. He already owed nearly one thousand pounds -a crushing liability to a man with a small income and no capital; indeed he did not attempt to disguise from himself that unless something very unexpected turned up he must soon be hopelessly insolvent. His wife had long been urging immediate and rigid retrenchment, but each time she mentioned it Percival shook his head.

The house was in committee on a bill which was being fought tooth and nail by the opposition, and urgent whips had been issued to the members of both parties to be as frequently as possible in their places. But there were many dreary intervals of debate, when no big division was imminent. and during those intervals Percival did not always remain in the precincts of the house.

He might no doubt have spent them at home or in escorting his wife to one or other of the numerous social functions which, for his sake, she so religiously attended. But in his worried state of mind the dullness of a domestic evening, or the yet deadlier boredom of a political conversazione, was uninviting. He preferred to forget his troubles in more enlivening scenes. Within a mile of the Palace of Westminister there is, as all the world knows, a famous theater of varieties. It is under unexceptionable management; it puts forward the strongest and most enterprising programme of the kind in London. One evening during a particularly drowsy debate a fellow M. P. had suggested to Percival that they should run across to the X. and see the Rainbow danseuse. Percival had complied. After that night he went to see her pretty regularly.

Just before the dance the stage was Harkened: behind loomed a background of murky clouds, gloomy as the sky before an impending thunderstorm; then a brilliant blaze of sunlight burst upon the shadowed scene, and whirling wildly in its dazzling rays appeared the famous Rainbow danseuse. What a sight that was! How dexterously she managed her mass of gorgeous draperies, which floated all about her, and swirled and spun like a revolving wheel. At times nothing but the flashing hues of these robes was visible; at other times a lovely face, crowned with golden yellow locks, stood out among them, radiant, spiritual, superb-and then, while this entrancing apparition smiled and the audience clapped and shouted, rumblings of thunder rolled upon the air; clouds overcast the sunlight; and, amid their gathering gloom, the Rainbow goddess faded slowly from the scene.

If it had ended with his merely admiring this ravishing beauty from a distance, all might have been well. But such infatuation as Percival's was not satisfied to confine itself within those modest limits. A strong desire came over him to make her personal acquaintance. He ought, of course, to have withstood it. It should have been perfectly obvious to him that, in giving way to his desire, he was voluntarily thrusting himself into the path

of danger. But he gave way, nevertheless. He went farther. He actually addressed one or two letters to the young lady. To his great chagrin she sent him no reply. At last, in desperation, he procured an introduction to the manager of the X., and besought that gentleman's aid in his foolish and culpable

project. "Just so," said the manager, rather coldly. "Well, Mr. Percival, I will communicate your wish to the young lady, and will then let you know her reply. I cannot hold out hopes that it will be favorable, for a number of other gentlemen have desired introduction to her, and have all been refused. You see, she is a simple, modest girl, who is merely using her talent to support her family, and has no desire for a circle of male admirers. However, as I said, I will tell her that you wish

to be introduced. The following night when he ought

AN M. P.'S INFATUATION, to have been in his place in the house, listening to the ministerial leader's statement, he was hovering near the his mind to follow his goddess home, and so find out her private address.

Percival had a cab waiting for him at the corner. He noticed another cab drawn up opposite the stage door. He strolled up and accosted the driver.

"You're a lucky man to have such a charming fare," said Percival care-

lessly. "Oo said I 'ad a charmin' fare?" torted the man, suspiciously. Then he added: "If that's your sort, young enforcement we were apparently befeller, you may save yourself the trouble of doin' the civil to me. For she's a thoroughly good young 'coman, I can tell yer, and won't stand no followers foolin' around-not she!"

Percival affected to laugh and strolled away. In a few minutes he saw the girl hurry out and get into her hungry horde of place hunters who cab. Then he jumped into his ownhaving instructed the driver to follow the other vehicle and keep it carefully

When they had driven about a mile his cab stopped. The M. P. got out. He saw the young lady alighting from her cab about a hundred yards ahead. She turned and walked rapidly away. With a beating heart and trembling steps, he followed her, keeping an interval of seventy or eighty yards between them.

She had not alighted at her own door, but at the end of a street of private houses, down which she was now walking. Percival realized with a certain thrill of uneasiness that it was - street, the street in which his own house was situated. But something worse was in store. The young lady stopped, appeared to be carefully scrutinizing the numbers, then, after some evident hesitation, she walked straight up to the door of Percival's house and rang the bell. A minute later she was admitted.

All at once the truth flashed upon the unhappy M. P. There could, of course, be no doubt upon the subject. This young lady, annoyed and frightened by his persistent attentions, and seeing that silent disdain had no effect in stopping them, had taken the stituent by merely asking for it. Thereready and effective method of reporting him to his wife!

Percival leaned against some iron railings, near which he stood and wiped his clammy forehead with his handkerchief. His dismay was altogether beyond words. If he had been on bad terms with his wife-it love on either side had ceased between them-if she had not been perfectly fond and trusting toward him he could have stood the thing better. But as it was he felt like a man who had suddenly received a knock-down blow. His knees were trembling violently; a sense of sickness, of faintness, stole over him; in the face of this fearful exposure his infatuation for the danseuse seemed to die; for the first time he seemed to realize what an abject idiot he had been.

It was a long time before he could make up his mind how to act. He patrolled the street for more than half an hour before he had decided-and a bad half hour he found it. Then he took a sudden resolution. He would go in and make a clean breast of the whole affair to his wife. That, after all, was the most honest, and, probably, the most prudent course. She might, or she might not believe him; but he would tell her all the truth, express his sincere penitence, and throw himself upon her mercy.

He nerved himself to the effort. He went in. He entered the drawingroom. His wife was now alone. She looked up at him with a cold, altered expression, that made him wince. But he persevered. He spoke. He told her all. She averted her face, and heard his confession to the end in ominous

"And so, Jim, my make-up, my golden wig, and my wedding draperies to say nothing of the shifting lights and the shadows thrown upon one, bafiled even your penetration, ch, sir?" Jim was staring at his pretty wife who had now risen and stood before him, smiling archly, in evident enjoyment of his obvious relief and astonish-

ment. "And you fell in love with my makeup. For that is what it comes to, doesn't it, Jim?"

"By Jove!" he exclaimed with emphasis, "that explains it. It was your eyes that did it, little girl. They drew me to the theater night after night to worship you. I could not resist their spell. I could not explain it to myself. nothing behind him but an alleged Yet I felt there was something half familiar in their magnetic influence upon me. To think I 'never guessed. By Jove! I was a duffer. I ought to have known that no such other eyes were to be found in all England!"

"Or in all America, either?" questioned the Rainbow danseuse, playfully. Jim's explanation was, unconsciously, the most diplomatic that he could have devised. Those incomparable eyes beamed upon him with tender-

ness and loving humor. "But, I say," asked Jim, an idea striking him, "these social functions which you have been attending so assiduously for the past few monthshave they been simple blinds to dupe your unsuspicious husband-eh, Jen-

"Not at all, sir. I went to them all. But as my 'turn' at the theater lasted only ten minutes or so, I was able to go there as well. Besides," she added. with the slightest tinge of playful reproach in her tone, "you have not been at home enough lately to miss me very much, have you, Jim?"

"By Jove!" he cried, "I'll turn over a new leaf in that respect to-night." He went up, placed his arm round his wife, and kissed her fondly. She leaned her head upon his shoulder and held up a pink slip of paper to his

"There! Dear old Jim!" she exclaimed. "Mr. Y- has paid me-what do you think? Fifty pounds a week. That is a check for ten weeks' salary. At this rate your Rainbow goddess will soon dance you clear out of debt-

won't she. Jim? And she soon did .-- London Truth

A WORD TO YOUNG MEN.

stage door of the X. He had made up Bits of Advice Born and Bred of Experience.

> Bolding a Government Office at Washington Kills Ambition, Strangles True Manhood and Dwarfs the

> > (Special Washington Lotter.)

The civil-service law has been a blessing in disguise to many thousands of our people. Prior to its enactment and coming a nation of office seekers. There was no barrier in the way of the seekers after public position save the limitations of appropriations. It is true that the annual appropriations were sometimes in excess of the necessities of good government, because of the were invisible, but none the less tangible, urging their representatives to provide places for them. Senators and



NOTHING BEFORE HIM BUT GLOOM

representatives were without protection from this class of constituents. It was the general impression that a statesman could get an office for a confore those who were active in political participation claimed public office as the reward of their political services. Not infrequently the treasury was invaded on this account. The civil-service law provided a check which abashed the office seekers, and proved a protection to the statesmen. It was also intended to prove potential in protecting good clerks in their places; but in this particular it was incomplete. While the law prevents indiscriminate appointments, it does not prevent dismissals. It provides no alternative for the clerk, who is removed without cause. He has no court of appeals. He must go.

Very many clerks have been dismissed from the executive departments during the past year; and there is consequently considerable suffering in this city by these additions to the army of the unemployed. The majority of the dismissals have been caused by the reduced appropriations, and the secretaries of the departments have been compelled by law to make reductions in the clerical force. It is exceedingly unfortunate that, in addition to removal from office, many clerks, who have been for years engaged in departmental work, should feel themselves humiliated by the causes assigned for their removal. Of course every clerk has had some friend in congress who has appealed for his or her retention in office, but the heads of departments have been unable to keep them all and consequently there can be no reinstatements. When members of congress have asked why their friends have been dismissed, and others retained, they are informed that "only the best clerks have been retained." This is an implied reflection upon the clerical abil-Ities of those who have been removed. and each of them regards it as a deep humiliation.

There is an old man here -sixty-five years have passed over his head-an old man of scholarly attainments and splendid clerical record, who was dismissed a few weeks ago from a position which he has held for twenty years. He is too far advanced in life to begin anew in some other kind of labor, and he realizes his helplessness. He writes a good hand and understands his business thoroughly, and yet he cannot understand why others should have been retained while he was sent forth with nothing before him but gloom and record for inefficiency. As a matter of fact, although a good clerk, there are others, younger than he, who are more efficient; who can do more work and do it better. His removal is not intended to be a reflection upon him, but he so feels it, and told me this evening, with tears in his eyes and with quavering voice, that his wife and children feel the humiliation more keenly than they will feel the deprivation of comforts and necessities during the coming

winter. This venerable and unfortunate man is but a sample of a class; and it is a large class in this city. Wage earners in all other places realize the uncertainty of continued employment, the caprice of employers, the certainty of the coming of "a rainy day," and they save money, buy homes, and in other ways make preparation for the future. Employes of the general government. however, although they may at first bring to Washington with them proper ideas of economy and thrift, speedily imbibe and absorb the carelessness and prodigality of the class of people with whom their lot is east. The government pays almost twice as much for elerical labor as any private establishment or corporation can afford to pay, and will pay. Moreover, the government always pays the 80th of each month. The money comes from the treasury, and the notes government lasts there will never be a pay-day skipped The money will al-

ways be ready; and the employes usually dispose of it with but little delay. Very few of them are economical or provident. The money "comes easy and goes easy," to use a common expression concerning such affairs. Therefore, when old age comes, as it always does, if employment ceases suf-

fering ensues. The civil-service law contemplates permanent employment to the worthy: but when the expenses of government are reduced, from any motive whatever, removals from office are necessitated. The government clerks who are improvident, and imagine that the holding of office is a permanency, on account of the civil-service law, forgot that every rule has its exceptions.

It was with these facts in view that I stated at the outset that the law has been a blessing in disguise to thousands of our people. It has soothed the craze for office, and every reading man or woman who becomes conversant with the situation will be wise and prudent, and banish thoughts of officeholding in any of the executive departments at the national capital.

Human nature is so much alike in every city, town, village and hamlet, as well as upon the farm, and history repeats itself because we are practically reproductions of our fathers and mothers before us. Hence the natural conclusion of any mind bent upon office seeking will be prope to be: "But if I had an office, I would save my money for a rainy day." But you would do nothing of the kind. You would do just as other men and women like unto vourself have done.

Circumstances control us in so many things. We naturally fall into the ways and customs of those with whom we commingle. No matter how strong the inclination, how perfect the resolves, how powerful the will, we succumb before we know it. Therefore, when you realize the strength of temp-tation and the weakness of human nature, and when the thought of office getting takes possession of your mind, it would be well for you to sincerely incorporate in your prayers that Divine emanation: "Lead us not into temptation." You may imagine that you want a government office, but you should shun it. It is an ignis fatuus; a bauble as vapid as fame; a glittering of iron pyrites which shines bright and yellow, but is not gold. Say unto the inclination: "Get thee behind me."

Very many young men have sought and obtained office here for the purpose of becoming students in our night schools and colleges. That is a worthy motive, and might seem worthy of encouragement. But if you have rear ambition to attain unto excellence and eminence in any profession, shun a government office. I have known scores-I had almost said hundredsbut no matter about the number, I have seen a host of young men, one after another, who came to Washington with that worthy motive, and with all sincerity, but they have never carried out their intention. The exceptions are rare. As a practical example. let me tell you that Secretary of War George W. McCrary gave me an appointment many years ago, because wanted to study law, as so many others have done. I studied law, went through the entire course, was graduated, received a diploma signed by President Hayes and members of his cabinet, as well as by the eminent professors of the university; but I did practice of the law. On the contrary, I held onto that office, just as others have done, and just as others will do who have the same experience. That regular pay day was a seductive and illusive deterrent from all ambition. I



"GET THEE BEHIND ME."

thought of the long struggle for clients, the scarcity of patronage, the probable bardships, and I held fast to the office. The day of reckoning came, as it always does, and I was out of office, with a family on my hands. It was good fortune, mere luck, that a previous newspaper training proved my salvation. The office was a snare, a delusion and a pitfall against which I would warn all others; particularly all young men. Sorn and spurn it. You may think you need a federal office, but you will do well to hearken unto the words of wisdom which are born and bred of experience. Go to your schools and colleges at home. If you are poor, work all the harder for your education. But stay at home, and remain with the friends who are always willing to help the worthy and ambitious young people in every community. Avoid politicians and the allurements of their promises of patronage. You do not need the government to lean upon and support you. It will always be found a broken reed which will pierce your hand. The federal government is your strength and your shield, just as your state and municipal governments are your protection, for the upholding of law, and employes in the executive departments | the maintenance of order. You do not regularly on the 15th and the need its official employment. Later in life you may want a prominent position, and can command it; but you canare bright and new and fresh. It is not afford to commence life as a civil first handled by the federal officials. service clerk at the national capital. The employes know that as long as the Leave such places to those who are less aspiring than yourself. SMITH D. FRY.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE. THE WEARY WOODEN SOLDIER.

My wooden head is cracked across, I've lost my youthful charms; I've lost, alack, one wooden leg.

And both my wooden arms. Full many a fight have I been in "Twixt Fred and brother Hugh; I've been officer and private

(I've been ammunition, too). I've been used to poke the fire with; I've been dipped into the ink: And I've made a perilous journey Adown the kitchen sink.

I've been drowned, and I've been married; I've been buried and dug up: I've been "worried" round the garden By that seven-months'-old pup.

In short this mortal life is such That, though I'm truly brave, I long, with all my wooden heart, For just a quiet grave.

Theo Bernard, in Harper's Young People.

EVERYBODY LAUGHED.

Huge Crowd Amused by a Terrier and an Indestructible Rat.

A rat, a terrier and a small boy caused thousands of people to congregate on West Madison street about nine o'clock the other night, and it was not a real rat, either. The rat, which was a most natural-looking rubber affair, was connected with a long, thin pipe and a bulb. Every time the boy squeezed the bulb the rat would leap forward in a most lifelike manner and the ladies on the street would shriek with terror and gather up their skirts. This delighted the crowd, which surged down on the

boy and the rat from every direction. The fun was kept up for an hour or more, even the policeman on the beat stopping now and then for a good laugh. Suddenly, however, a sleeklooking rat terrier sprung through the crowd and made for his mortal enemy. Down he pounced. The boy gave the bulb a jab and the rat leaped about six feet. Again the dog made a spring. This time he caught the rat in his teeth and the pressure caused it to give out a most lifelike squeak which delighted the dog and audience alike.

By this time the street was packed. Time after time the dog would shake the rat and put it down, only to see it leap again, to the wild delight of the crowd. For the first half hour it was mere play to the plucky little terrier. but after awhile things began to grow monotonous. The dog lay down for a rest and the rat jumped over him. This was too much for canine flesh and blood to stand; he loaped up again, and now the contest kept up until the dog fell from sheer exhaustion. Panting and with eyes protruding, he made a few more ineffectual snaps at the rubber rat, then turned over on his side and laid his head on the pavement. His owner worked his way through the crowd, picked up his pet in his arms, uttered a few remarks, and offered to lick the man who had killed his dog. The crowd jeered and dispersed, while the small boy strolled down the street in search of another ambitious rat terrier .- Chicago News.

THE QUEEN'S DONKEY. Why Its Former Owser Wished He Had

Sold Himself. Queen Victoria, during her recent so-

journ at Cimiez, on the French Mediterranean coast, was often seen to drive, on pleasant afternoons, a very sleek and comfortable-looking donkey. The aged queen, holding the reins herself, not resign my office and go into the seemed greatly to enjoy her drive,



THE QUEEN'S EQUIPAGE.

and the complacency of the donkey suggested that he almost understood the honor which was being done him. The donkey, whose name is Jocko, has an interesting history.

During a previous sojourn in the same district, the queen was one morning enjoying herself incognita, in the open air at Acquisgrana, when she saw a peasant leading along by the bit a donkey which looked as though it had once been a fine animal of his kind, but now seemed to be almost starved. He was lean, languishing, evidently suffer-

The queen asked him if his donkey was for sale.

"That depends, signora," said the man. "If I were to sell him, now, how should I get my living?"

"A hundred frames." "I will give you two hundred, and you can buy another donkey."

"How much did you pay for him?"

The man sold bim to the unknown 'signora," and poor Jocko at once began a new life. Abundantly fed and carefully groomed, he blossomed out as a royal favorite. The story spread, and the queen could take no more promenades with convenience, for she was certain every day to encounter several peasants who tried to sell her decrepit and half-starved donkeys. She

bought none of them. During her late visit the queen drove through Acquisgrana with Jocko, and his former owner, the peasant, saw the squipage go by. The donkey was fat, glossy and glittering with buckles of

silver and gold. "Alas!" exclaimed the peasant. "When I sold my donkey, why didn't I throw myself in?"-Youth's Companion.

Angelina's Help. Said little Augelina: "My mamma fastens

strings
Around her finger so that they will help her think of things. So I thought I'd put a few around my fingers-Just to keep me from forgetting my lessons, don't you know."-N. Y. World.

George Was All Right. Her Mother-I abhor kissing. The idea of placing your lips to the lips of a

Herself - But I don't, mamma. George's mustache always prevents it.

-Brooklyn Life.

LEARNING TO RUN. the Most Healthrul Exercises

Boy Can Take Up. Running is one of the best of exercises for the whole body. It rounds out a hollow chest, drives the oxygen into the farthest air cells of the lungs, wonderfully increases their capacity, and develops the ieg, thigh, stomach and waist muscles. But it must be learned, just as skating, swimming and bieyeling have to be learned, and there are two things that must be kept in mind by the learner. The first iswhether in sprinting, distance or crosscountry running-to run entirely on the ball of the foot, or, as they say on the track: "Get up on your toes!" striking on the ball of the foot, which is a sort of a natural spring board, the runner takes a long stride and the



spring that he gets enables him to lift his foot more rapidly and repeat the stride more quickly than the runner who goes flat-footed. As length and rapidity of stride are what give speed in running, it follows that a flat-footed runner can never be a fast one. Another reason against pounding away flatfooted is that the delicate mechanism of the ankle, knee and hip is jarred and may in time be injured.

The second point for a runner to observe is his method of breathing. Breathe through both the nose and mouth. Nearly every boy when he first begins to run has the insane idea that all the breathing must be done through the nose. There was never a greater mistake. When a boy runs his heart beats much faster than it does ordinarily, and pumps out just so much more blood. All this must be aerated or purified by air from the lungs. The oppression that one feels when beginning to run is due to the lungs demanding more air for the extra quantity of blood which the heart is sending out. Nature has looked out for this, and provided a way by which air can be furnished to the lungs very rapidly. It is a very simple way, and consists of merely opening the mouth. Breathe, then, through the nose in ordinary life as much as possible, but when you are running or exercising violently open the mouth and take in air in deep, rapid breaths, not gulping it in through the mouth alone, but letting the mouth and nose have each their share.

Take a long a stride as possible, but without overbalancing the body. Bend the body slightly from the hips; for if it be held too erect the stride will be shortened. Let the bent arms swing easily and naturally a little above the level of the hips, swinging out and back with every stride. This keeps the muscles loose, prevents them from becoming tired so easily as they would if held rigid, and balances the body better. Take especial pains to keep the body from being stiff; let it swing as easily and lithely as possible. In sprinting the stride is shorter and more rapid than in long-distance running, and a sprinter usually runs with body thrown farther back, in quite different form from the long, easy lope of the distance runner .- S. Scoville, Jr., in St. Nicholas.

PINNED' TO THE GROUND. How an Enraged Cow Managed to Whip a Grizzly Bear.

"Usually a cow does not stand much chance when she engages in a hand-tohand conflict with a grizzly bear," said a Colorado stockman to a writer for Dumb Animals, "but several years ago one of my cows killed one of these animals and came out of the struggle without a scratch. The cow had recently had a calf. It being her first-born, the mother was exceedingly vicious, and it was unsafe for a stranger to approach her, as her horns were long and pointed. The cattle-shed had a thatched roof, and was scooped out of the hillside a short distance from the house.

"One night a bear, having smelled the presence of a cow and calf, mounted the roof of the shed and proceeded to force an entrance by scratching through the thatch. The cow at the same time detected the presence of the bear and held herself in readiness to receive the intruder. The noise of a terrible struggle aroused me, and grabbing a lantern I rushed from the house, and opening the shed door found the cow in a frantic state, bunting and tossing to and fro some large object. which evidently had lost all power of resistance.

"It turned out to be a good-sized grizzly, which had been run through and through the body by the courageous mother. The little calf was nestled in a corner, sleeping peacefully, and seemed unmindful of the maternal struggle. I suppose as soon as the bear gained an entrance through the roof it was pinned to the ground by the cow's horns before it had time to do any damage."

Boys Have Their Uses. When Marquis De Lafayette was received in great state in Alexandria, the the market and church town of Washington in 1824, an eagle, obligingly loaned by a museum man, was perched upon the floral arch of welcome. At precisely the right moment the royal bird flapped his wings and uttered a scream of victory, being impelled there to by a bright boy with a pin.